UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

Sir Oliver and Sir Conan

By FRANK C. DOAN

More Life

By EMMA RENDTORFF

Across the Pacific

By SYDNEY STRONG

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

UNITY Fellowship

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1922 NUMBER 17

THE DIVINE STRATEGY.

No soul can be forever banned,
Eternally bereft:
Whoever falls from God's right hand
Is caught into his left.

—*Edwin Markham.*

"Gates of Paradise and Other Poems." Doubleday, Page & Company.

On June 15th, Mr. Holmes sailed for Liverpool, to spend the summer in England, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy. He expects to return to this country about the middle of September, and will at that time resume his editorial writing for this paper. The occasion of Mr. Holmes's journey to Europe is the summer conference to be held at Varese, Italy, from August 16th to September 2nd, under the auspices of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, at which he has been invited to speak as the representative of America. At this conference, especially intended for young people, hundreds of students will assemble from the great colleges and universities of the various European countries, to hear and discuss addresses by speakers who include besides Mr. Holmes, Bertrand Russell (England), Georges Duhamel (France), Frederick Van Eeden (Holland), Count Kessler and Gertrude Baer (Germany), Stefan Zweig (Austria), Count Lucidi (Italy), and representatives from China and Japan. In addition to this engagement, Mr. Holmes will attend and speak at the international conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, August 2nd to 9th, at Sonntagsburg, Germany, and participate in the great "No More War" demonstration on July 29th, probably at Berlin. Mr. Holmes is expecting to travel extensively in the continental countries, and study under distinguished auspices the prevailing conditions of political, economic and social life. On his return, he plans to make report of his observations in sermons and addresses, and in his regular editorial writing for UNITY.

Last summer, thousands of farmers in this country used tons of grain, for the growing of which they had toiled through many months of heat, for fuel. In the upper reaches of the Hudson River, some miles above New York, there are hundreds upon hundreds of iron steamships lying at this moment idly at anchor, and slowly rusting to pieces. All along the railroads of these United States, on the sidings and in the yards, are tens of thousands of freight cars unused and unusable for lack of goods to be transported. In vast coal regions of the Middle West to-day, are hundreds of thousands of idle men, striking for a wage which will enable themselves and their families to live not in comfort but in decency. On the streets of New York City, all this past winter, have walked, and still walk to-day, between three and five hundred thousand unemployed men, in quest of jobs which do not exist. These are the conditions which prevail under a social system which is defended against its enemies on the ground of efficiency! What would be said if a socialistic or communistic order were now in control of society in America? What *is* being said about the worse conditions now existing in Russia under the Soviet regime? For ourselves, we refuse to take seriously all this talk of the efficiency of capitalism and the inefficiency of socialism. What we see in Russia to-day is the initial break-down, under the impact of the war and its aftermath, of that capitalistic system of economic organization, which is now more slowly but just as surely going to pieces in all other countries. Capitalism has collapsed! Having completed its work, it proceeded to "o'erleap itself" and now has fallen! Nothing can save the fabric of our modern world but a reorganization as drastic as the present situation is direful.

When the independence of Egypt was solemnly trumpeted abroad some months ago, we ventured to express our "doots" that this kingdom was really free. In spite of all declarations to the contrary, we gave it as our firm belief that Egypt was just as much a dependency of the British Empire as ever. This was a terrible heresy of course—so impolite don't you know! —but some how or other, events seem to be vindicating our judgment in the strangest kind of fashion. Here in the New York *Times* (June 4, editorial section, page 7), for example, we note a special despatch from Cairo, and here are some of the things we read! There is a strong movement among the Egyptian people to bring back from exile the famous nationalist leader, Zaghloul Pasha, but *"it is held improbable that Great Britain would let him come back."* Lord Allenby, High Commissioner or Agent General for the British Government in Egypt, "takes the entire responsibility for

sending Zaghloul away from the country. . . . . 'He was a disturber of the peace,' he said, 'and was sent to Seychelles by the British Government, *where he will remain.'*" "There are about 10,000 British troops, cavalry, infantry, artillery, and air force, here, and *it looks as if they will remain for some time to* come." "King Fouad is the ruler of Egypt de jure, but *Lord Allenby sits in his office in the residency where the late Lord Cromer lived for so many years . . . and he has* 10,000 *British troops ready to carry out his instructions."* All of which is understandable—under the circumstances, perhaps, right and proper, like our own beneficent occupation of Hayti, Santo Domingo and Nicaragua! But why talk about independence? Why say that the Egyptians—or the Haytians and Dominicans—are free? We sometimes think that we could put up with tyranny, at least for a little while, if it wasn't for the sickening hypocrisy in which it is clothed by lying diplomats and secretaries of state. The ingenuity of the propaganda bureaus in finding new enormities to be committed by the Russian Bolsheviks, is a thing for admiration and astonishment. Having exhausted the possibilities of the "red terror," the nationalization of women, the abolishment of religion, etc., they now bring to us a hair-raising and blood-curdling tale of the violation of the tombs of the Russian saints and imperial rulers. The "ghastly work," says a recent despatch, carried on with "fiendish glee," as though "the bloodlust against the ruling class, which has already claimed a million (count them—*a million!*) lives, could not be satisfied until the bodies of the dead were insulted," included the despoliation of the bodies of Catherine the Great and Anna Ivanovna, the looting of the tombs of the Alexanders, and even the opening of the coffin of the great Peter. Here, however, even "the bloodthirsty Bolsheviki" were made to pause, for "the stern countenance of the great ruler, grim in death as in life, caused the ghouls to hesitate in their orgy." Not so powerful were the saints, whose graves were ordered to be desecrated by Lenin in an effort to increase his power by playing on the superstitions of the ignorant. The news-despatch quotes the dictator as crying to a mob, " 'O ye of little understanding, your priests deceive you. They abuse your ignorance and play on your superstitions. You wish proof? Very well, they teach you that the bodies of saints are incorruptible. This is a sign of sanctity. Come, I'll show you.' " (Those familiar with Lenin's speeches will at once recognize his style in this report!!) Whereupon the tombs were broken open, and a few bones, a little dust, and some straw disclosed! All this makes a perfectly bully story, and we haven't a doubt that there are millions here in America who will believe it. If the nationalization of women yarn found acceptance, why not this? Especially when it comes as a "special cable," not from Moscow or Petrograd, to be sure, or any Russian center, not even from Riga or Helsingfors, but from *Paris!* Surely, Paris must know!

A few of our friends have objected to our comparison of Mahatma Gandhi, of India, with Jesus of Nazareth. To those who have entered into the spirit of Gandhi's life and teaching, this comparison is so essentially just as to be inevitable. Furthermore, it has now become so common that it appears in practically all attempts to interpret the Indian leader to the people of our western world. Nevertheless, there are some to whom this comparison seems to be offensive, either because it seems to involve irreverence for the person of the Christ, or, more likely, because it seems to give too great exaltation to the leader of the *Swaraj* movement in India. It is to these persons that we desire to present the considered opinion of a perfectly good churchman, no less distinguished a figure than the Lord Bishop of Madras.

> "I see in Mr. Gandhi," says the Lord Bishop, "the patient sufferer for the cause of righteousness and mercy, a truer representative of the Crucified Savior than the men who have thrown him into prison and yet call themselves by the name of Christ."

When a churchman, who knows Gandhi at first hand, speaks in such terms as this, it may perhaps be pardonable for those of us who are not churchmen, to do the same. At any rate, it is our sober conviction that Gandhi comes nearer to the sublime character of the Nazarene than any historical figure, ancient or modern, of whom we have ever heard. There is no exact identity, for the Mahatma is an exalted spiritual personage in his own right, and no mere duplication of anybody, even Jesus. But in all essentials of personal character and social purpose, Gandhi and Jesus are brethren, and the former can best be understood by reference to the latter. Above all, does this comparison present a sure test of Christian temper among our contemporaries. If we want to know how any particular individual would have acted toward Jesus had he been living in Palestine in Jesus's day, just see how this individual is acting toward Mahatma Gandhi at the present moment.

Who are the twelve greatest American women? This is the question asked of the National League of Women Voters by Senorita Graciala Mandujano, recently representing Chili at the Pan-American Conference of Women in Baltimore, who wants to write about them in Chilian newspapers. The answer seems easy, for a part of the way at least. Jane Addams's name, of course, like that of her distinguished eastern brother, Abou ben Adhem, "leads all the rest." Then comes Miss Addams's distinguished comrade in the social field, Lillian D. Wald, founder of the Henry

Street Settlement in New York. To these we would add the third of what is to us an immortal trio, Mrs. Florence Kelley, of the Consumers League. Then, without question, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, orator, scholar, social reformer, veteran of many battles in great causes! Also, Alice Stone Blackwell, another veteran in the struggle not merely for women's, but for all human rights as well. Then we would name Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, our great internationalist; and President M. Cary Thomas, of Bryn Mawr, from the field of education. At this point, questions begin to arise. Shall it be Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, or Mrs. Harriett Stanton Blatch, or Alice Paul, or all three? Zona Gale would be our outstanding figure in the field of literature, but the older generation may prefer Mrs. Deland or Mrs. Wharton or even Mrs. Atherton, and we know at least a few literary radicals who would vote for Amy Lowell. In any list which we would name, Julia Lathrop would have to have a place for her great administrative achievements, Mrs. Henry Villard, for her serene leadership of forlorn hopes, and Mrs. Fiske as our greatest actress. But where does this leave room for such valiant pioneers as Margaret Sanger and Kate Richards O'Hare? And how can any list of notable American women be complete without the name of Mary White Ovington, who has done so much for the colored people of the country? Nor could there be forgiveness for the omission of Mary Austin, who occupies a niche as unique in our nation's life as it is indispensable. The *twelve greatest* women?—surely this dozen must be a baker's dozen, and then a few more added still, for good measure.

UNITY has for a long time insisted upon calling attention in these columns to the present deplorable conditions in the churches. It does this not because it wants to be disagreeable or pessimistic, but because it is unwilling to dwell at ease in the Fools' Paradise of the professional church statisticians, the denominational headquarters officials, and the editors of religious journals. It prefers to face facts, if you please! What these facts are it is difficult to discover, for the amount of camouflage employed in present-day church affairs beats anything ever known, even on the battlefields of the late war. Extracting sunshine from cucumbers is nothing to what the average church official can do in the way of extracting flesh and blood from empty wooden pews. But every now and then, in an annual report, or a convention speech, or a heated debate, there appears a plain word plainly spoken, and then we know where we are. The latest utterance of this sort which has come to us, is a statement of His Lordship, the Very Rev. Dr. J. A. Richardson, Bishop of Fredericton, N. B., at the 53rd session of the Diocesan Synod of the Anglican Church Diocese of Fredericton. Speaking of the fact that "the younger men from the diocese were not entering Holy Orders," the Bishop proceeded to emphasize the not altogether unfamiliar fact that "the lack of clergymen was becoming a most serious factor in the diocese." Then he went on to announce the still more alarming fact that "fifty per cent of the clergy who were in the diocese ten years ago are no longer with us." (Montreal *Gazette,* May 3, p. 2.) The Bishop asserted that this condition indicated "restlessness." We should say as much! Our term would be not "restlessness" but "rebellion"—a rebellion of intelligent and devoted men against an institution as defunct as the Dionysian cults of ancient Athens. Appeals for the support of the old order in religion can no longer avail anything. Only a new order can save the situation.

Speaking of church attendance! On a recent Sunday evening, we found ourselves in a densely populated tenement section on the East Side of New York City. The night was pleasant, and the streets were swarming with men, women and children. In many places they were crowded so thickly on the steps, in standing groups, and even on chairs and boxes by the curbing, that it was difficult to thread one's way along the side-walks. There must have been many hundreds of people in each separate block, and tens of thousands in the immediate neighborhood. A few moments after eight o'clock, we passed a church located conspicuously on a corner. We were interested to see that it was a Protestant church of one of the larger denominations, and that the regular Sunday evening service was announced on a large placard "at 7:45 P. M." We stopped for a moment to survey the structure, planted in the midst of this teeming neighborhood. Then, as we looked around at the crowds of people overflowing the streets and side-walks on every side, the question sprang into our mind, How much of a congregation does this church get on a Sunday evening? We mounted the steps, opened the door, and stepped quietly inside. It was a pleasant looking interior, brilliantly lighted, tastefully decorated, comfortable, clean and in good condition. The floor of the auditorium (we could not see the gallery, which was opposite the pulpit and therefore above where we stood) had pews which would easily accommodate between five and six hundred people. A good organ was being well played. In the pulpit sat the clergyman, and at the door stood the sexton. We saw no choir. *The congregation, if we may call it such, consisted of nine persons.* Think of it! Enough people on a single block to crowd that church again and yet again—here they were, surging about its walls like the waves of the sea about a reef! And only nine persons cared enough about what was going on, to enter its portals and sit in its pews! This is an extreme case, we have no doubt. And yet, human beings are human beings; and if a church is a church, why should it not reach them?

Sir Oliver and Sir Conan

A Misapprehension

The average man thinks of psychic researchers as a lot of pseudo-scientists who under the guise of "investigation" are in fact gratifying a rather morbid appetite for unseen things—unseen and forbidden. The patronizing temper of the comments one hears from the man on the street and reads in the typical newspaper paragraphs upon the lectures of Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle shows plainly enough that in the popular opinion these worthies should have stuck each to his own last, the one to his physics laboratory and the other to his legitimate detection of crime on paper!

Now in the early days of spiritualism with its Fox sisters and their rappings the then widespread interest in such phenomena was undeniably of this morbid quality. Broken-hearted people, crazed with grief and incapable for the time of any critical judgment, were easily deceived by imposters. And empty-handed, empty-minded people of the leisure class having exhausted all their earthly sensations now sought new and weirder unearthly sensations. Indeed in the presence of this demand imposture became for a time a regular business. The writer has in his possession the catalogue of a New York concern which regularly supplied fraudulent mediums with their equipment of jointed rods, trick cabinets, gutta percha forms to be inflated, and all that sort of thing.

But it isn't quite fair to confuse men like William James, e.g., or James Hyslop and more recently Sir Oliver and Sir Conan with these old-time curiosity-seekers and deliberate tricksters. They are of a different breed, if we may use that expression; men bred in the scientific spirit and whose judgments are not likely to be over-borne by their emotions.

The new psychic research for one thing is an attempt, at least an honest, dispassionate attempt, to investigate in a strictly scientific spirit and by strictly scientific methods the phenomena which appear within its field. Its methods as yet are crude enough and in sore need of perfecting. And the psychic researchers themselves tell us that they are working under disadvantages quite unknown to their fellow-scientists in other fields. The physicist and the biologist, e.g., can always trust the evidences of his senses: "Nature" never deceives her votaries. Not so with the psychic researcher. He must be constantly on his guard against deliberately fraudulent mediums, against unintentionally fraudulent reports from the subconscious region of his own or the "psychic's" mechanism of consciousness. Indeed, if we are to trust Margaret Cameron's "Seven Purposes," there are mischief-loving spirits on the other side who delight to break in upon a serious communication between the two worlds with irrelevant and misleading interruptions! In these and other ways psychic research, as a science, —if indeed it ever takes its place among the exact sciences—has problems peculiar to its own field, and most perplexing. In any event it is only in its infancy,—like Alchemy of old, shall we say? But Alchemy did in time develop into modern Chemistry. And psychic research, for aught we know to the contrary, *may* in the course of another century or so develop into a regular science of the unseen. The right attitude, it would seem, toward this, as toward all new and untried experiments in the Unknown, is that of the open mind.

Then too the new psychic research is attempting—again in a very preliminary and experimental way,—to give to the world a new philosophy of life, a philosophy which shall make this world continuous with any other real world seen or unseen wherever it may appear within the bounds of this apparently limitless universe. We were talking one day with James Hyslop and asked him to tell us the secret of his life-long interest in this unpopular field of psychic research. Indeed we expressed some surprise that a man of his training and scholarly attainments should spend his time and energy investigating the "next world." "Why not one world at a time?" we asked him. His reply was significant of the new spirit which has come into the field of psychic research since the days of the Fox sisters. "Why," he said, "I have no interest in the next world nor in any possible life beyond the grave—except in so far as such researches into the unseen may have a bearing upon men's understanding of this world and this life here. But to know for sure that this life is but the ante-room to a larger life, this visible world continuous with an invisible world beyond—such knowledge, if made scientific and no longer a mere conjecture of official Religion, a mere gesture of professional preachers, would revolutionize Philosophy and transform men's whole conception of this life here."

In all this we make no special plea for any of the alleged results of psychic research. We deplore its crudities. We condemn the frauds which are perpetrated in its name. We advise extreme caution and the strictest adherence to the established canons of scientific procedure. But we do most earnestly commend the attitude of the open mind. It may be that a new science is getting under way,—a science that will one day establish new truths and make new discoveries, adding much to the sum total of our human knowledge and to our understanding of this great and abundant Life which, though unseen, is all about us and of which this present human life of ours is an integral and unbroken part.

Frank C. Doan.

Across the Pacific

Editorial Correspondence.

I wish the readers of UNITY to become acquainted with The Australian Church, Melbourne, which invited me to spend several months with it, associating myself with Dr. Charles Strong, who has been the pastor for over 35 years. We are not relatives, save spiritually. We are both pacifists and believe in a non-theological, non-ecclesiastical religion.

The people of the church gave me a royal reception last night, in Queen's Hall, and I think the angels were pleased with the spirit and thought of the occasion. It gives me occasion to speak of Dr. Charles Strong and The Australian Church; for every pacifist and progressive should know about them.

Over 45 years ago, Dr. Strong came out from Scotland (he was born in Burns' district of Ayrshire) and took charge of Scots Church, on Collins Street, Melbourne. It was easily the leading Presbyterian Church of the State of Victoria, if not of Australia. Things went well with the popular young pastor, who preached to large congregations. After ten years the honest intelligence of the preacher could not entertain the Westminster Confession with sincerity and there was a break, which resulted in his retirement from the Presbyterian Church, and his return to Scotland.

Shortly after his return to Scotland, he was invited to assume leadership of an independent congregation in Melbourne, made up in part of members of his old charge. It was called The Australian Church. He has been pastor of this church for over 35 years. A great edifice was built in the heart of the city, which unhappily however was heavily mortgaged. But the church bravely carried the load and was recognized as a church of commanding influence throughout the state, and Dr. Strong, with his noble wife (who died a few years ago), was a commanding figure in all progressive social and industrial welfare.

Dr. Strong has been a stalwart champion of pacifism throughout his ministry. During the Boer war and during the Great War his voice was raised for peace. The Peace Society, of which he has been President, held its monthly meetings throughout the war. He was also strongly opposed to conscription in the two conscription campaigns, in which conscription was defeated. He has also identified himself with all social welfare movements. His daughter Helen is now Hon. Secretary for the Russian Relief Fund. He has been a friend of labor and has stood with the workers and their ambitions. He has been a friend of the prisoner; and deeply interested himself in the case of Colin Ross who was hung only last Monday. Dr. Strong will speak on "Capital Punishment" next Sunday—a barbarous practice which unhappily obtains in progressive Australia.

The Australian Church—which is probably the leading church in the nation as a champion of peace and industrial justice—is now entering upon a new stage. It was not to be expected that a church so faithful to Christianity would prosper numerically, especially with the weight of a mortgage around its neck. But the big church has been sold and a new church, in the heart of the city, will have been dedicated before my words appear in UNITY. This new church will be well equipped for a down town work. There is a splendid big organ brought over from the former church. There always has been the best of music—Melba as a young woman once having been a member of the choir. Dr. Strong has compiled what on the whole is perhaps the best hymnal I have ever seen. The new church will be practically free of debt.

Dr. Charles Strong having been a pastor in Melbourne over forty-five years is naturally no longer young—except in spirit, and he with the church is looking for an associate who may share the work. I am in hopes that I may be able to give you his name in a few weeks. It is a field full of promise. The church has a splendid record and the congregation is like a united family.

Dr. Strong has edited and published *Commonweal*, "a journal of progressive social and religious life." It breathes peace, goodwill and sanity in every page. Any reader of UNITY wishing to see a copy, may drop me a line.

When you think of Australia, you may know that one of the beacon lights of love as expressed in peace and internationalism and brotherhood is The Australian Church of Melbourne, of which Dr. Charles Strong and his wife have been the light-keepers for over thirty-five years.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Melbourne, April 28.

To Germany

"It has been said in our scriptures that there are three ways of realizing the Infinite according to the temperaments of individuals. These are through knowledge, through love and through action. Their respective paths are philosophy, religion and science. But owing to the distraction of selfish passions and want of detachment of spirit, men almost everywhere have missed their chance, and philosophy wrongly pursued, religion wrongly practiced, and science wrongly applied, have brought upon us continual series of disasters. It was the mission of Europe to inaugurate the era of Karaa Yoga, the fulfillment of soul through action. But she has been tempted to seek the fulfilment of self through action. And therefore the vehicle on which she was to travel to her goal, she is made to carry on her head. She has suffered, and the world eagerly is waiting to see how she takes the lessons of her sufferings. If it be the destiny of Germany to go through the penance *for the sin of the modern age* and come out purified and strong, if she can know how to make use of the fire that has scorched her for lighting up the path to a great future, to the aspiration of soul for its true freedom, she will be blessed in the history of humanity. I carry with me the most generous hospitality of heart, offered to me by the people of this country and I leave behind me my love and sympathy for them."—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

More Life

There was once a Soul, an experienced soul, one that had traveled far and wide, and everywhere had met with work and play, joy and sorrow, and had come to know within herself the workings of both good and evil. This variety of experiences had been life's greatest charm and had given to the Soul her strength and buoyancy.

The Soul had passed the zenith of her powers, when she was seized with the longing to revisit the scenes wherein the deeper meaning of life had gradually been revealed to her. And her longing had strong pinions and carried her swiftly to the goal of her desires.

It was a plainly furnished little room in a big city. In front of the desk, near the window, stood a rocking-chair with gayly flowered cushions. Through the open window came the rattling of wagons and horsecars over cobblestone paving.

It was autumn. The trees were bare, their foliage lay withered on the ground. But the young, inexperienced Soul, gazing up at the gray sky, was not thinking of death or decay. Fervently she prayed, "O God, let me know Truth. Let me see things as they really are and not as they appear to be to our dull mortal eyes."

"Yes," thought the experienced Soul, looking upon the image of her youth, "here it was that I first dreamed of Truth."

"And here," said a well-known voice, "it was that I first appeared to you."

Turning, the Soul saw standing before her the venerable figure of Tradition, who fixing her with steadfast eyes, continued, "Here you consecrated yourself to my service; here I showed you the road that would unfailingly lead you to the Truth you were seeking, and then—you deserted me."

"I deserted you?" protested the Soul.

"Yes, or would you deny it?"

"Fancy," began the Soul.

"No, I have nothing to fear from Fancy, my frivolous sister, not even when she is in a serious mood and calls herself Imagination. You were only playing with her as she was with you."

Fancy, who had been waiting on the threshold, now drew nearer. Her face and figure could be only vaguely distinguished through her veil and flowing robe, but the sympathy that flowed from her filled the Soul with grateful warmth.

"Yes," said the Soul, "she has brightened many a dreary hour for me. Again and again she has rekindled my courage and refreshed my spirit with her wonderful visions. My most beautiful dreams I owe to her."

"But," interrupted Tradition, "always you turned back to me. You realized that only the immutable that lies behind the fleeting phenomena of life is of value. Only the absolute Truth, that remains fixed from everlasting to everlasting, can give to the human soul the peace and contentment it craves."

"Absolute Truth?" asked the Soul.

"Yes, absolute Truth. There can be only one Truth. Of all the religions and philosophies only one can be the right, the true."

"You have felt that instinctively and I, Tradition, was to show you the way to the Truth. Do you remember what you aspired to do? You wanted to discover the plan of creation and the goal toward which the universe is moving. You wanted to formulate the ideal of beauty and the ideal of virtue and preach them to mankind."

The Soul smiled.

"You smile," said Tradition. "I know that smile. It comes with maturity; youth is too serious to smile. But even though you have grown old and have not kept your faith with me, you have come back to me now. I know you cannot remain here, this little room is too cramped for you. But wherever you may go I shall go with you and shall strive to bring you back to the right path."

"Then let us go," said the Soul, and attended by Tradition she went onward while Fancy sped before them.

They entered a schoolroom. School had been dismissed. From the open window through which the soft spring breeze was blowing, the young Soul gazed into the branches of an oak tree, and she spoke as she mused, "Is it possible that no two leaves on this tree are the same, just as there are no two human beings that are exactly alike? Why, oh God, if you carried in your mind the ideal of the perfect and most beautiful oak leaf did you not create all after that image? Why these new forms and endless variations?"

"And why this useless questioning which leads to nothing?" spoke Tradition. "Are not these new forms a proof of the boundless creative power of God?"

"For me it was not a useless question," said the experienced Soul, "for it became the foundation for all my later thought."

And they went on.

They saw the interior of a small unpretentious church. The scanty congregation was listening with intense interest to a new teaching, which the minister was preaching with full conviction. The young soul drank in his words thirstily.

"Yes," said Tradition, "you turned away from me then and devoted yourself to this new, baseless theory. What good did it do you?"

"I learned that the change and variation I had observed are part of an evolution which proceeds according to fixed laws and that all that exists has part of this development."

"And the goal of this evolution?" asked Tradition, "for after all that alone determines its value."

"I do not know what it is," said the Soul, and they went on.

Before them lay the wide expanse of the ocean. Upon a cliff, at whose base the waves broke into spray, stood the young Soul, bathed in the light of the noon day sun. And she spoke, "O that I might be one with these waves and the rock. Am I not part of nature? Why do I not understand them, and why am I shut out from their life?"

And Tradition said, "Again you forgot the aim you had set yourself."

"I felt the beauty of nature and hoped to find satisfaction in it."

"And found it not. How could you? Only he who accepts nature as she is can find happiness with her. But you asked how? and why? and she does not respond to such questioning."

"I tried to approach her through my emotions and I have learned much in this way."

"Anything that I could not have taught you?"

"I learned that we can know life only by living; that life and change are one and the same thing, that to become rigid means to invite death. And I have learned that beauty, too, is not something fixed, immutable, but changes as the forms of life change."

"And yet there must come a time, when each and all shall become a part of the great perfect whole and all change is over."

"I do not know," said the Soul, "I only know that I still live and learn and grow by living."

And they went on.

They entered a lecture room in a large university. Outside brooded the breathless heat of noon. Cloudless and blue the sky arched over the wide, quiet landscape with its motionless trees. The empty lecture room was cool and shady. On the steps which led to the lecturer's desk knelt the young Soul and uttered a creed and a prayer: "O Science, only you can give me the truth for which I seek. I no longer demand the impossible, the whole truth. I will be satisfied with what you can give me. What you can test and prove is the only truth. Humbly I consecrate myself to your service. O that I, with my feeble powers, might contribute something to the sum of scientific truth."

"Here I was really faithless to you," said the experienced Soul; but Tradition answered, "No, not wholly, for no human soul is ever contented with the fragment of truth that Science offers. Every scientist has some domain of thought in which he accepts the absolute truth of authority. You, too, were not entirely weaned away from me by Science."

"No, but I owe much to her teaching. In the great processes of nature I learned to understand the influence of heredity and environment. I learned that every form of being, and the human soul as well, bears within itself the limits of its possible development; I came to recognize the boundaries of human knowledge."

"But you were not satisfied with the boundaries Science set for you. You were never easily satisfied. As a child the appearance of things was not enough for you. You wanted to know what was behind the appearance. Yet you scorned the authoritative interpretation I could give you. You were not content with a naive enjoyment of nature; you sought for a mystical meaning. When Science offered you what truth she had, you rebelled against her limitations."

"It is to me that the Soul has reason to be grateful," Fancy said. "It was I who again and again freed her from your bonds by bringing her new visions, new dreams. It was I who made her unfaithful to you."

"I should not call it unfaithful exactly," a new voice was heard to say.

"Ah, here is Science herself," said Tradition, and Science continued, "No, you never entirely deserted me, you cast amorous glances at me as well as at Tradition and at the same time played with Fancy. You have tried to gain fantastic aims by scientific methods, and hoped in this way to chance upon absolute Truth. Am I not right?"

"Yes," asserted the Soul.

"You no longer sought to reconstruct the plan of the universe or to establish the ideals of beauty and virtue——"

"I only wanted," interrupted the Soul, "truthfully to present each new revelation of truth as it came to me."

"And what did you finally attain?" asked Science.

"I learned many things. If you would see what some of them were and where I learned them, come with me."

And they went on.

They entered a great cathedral venerable with age. The surge of the organ and the chanting of the choir reverberated through the vast spaces and fell back from the slender lofty pillars. The throng of worshippers knelt and waited reverently for the miracle of the mass. Somewhat apart from them stood the young aspiring Soul. While the waves of sound rose and fell, and the murmur of prayer from the multitude swelled and sank, the young Soul struggled with her emotions.

"O God, why are the depths of my being stirred by this service? Why do I feel a kinship with these worshippers although their way of thinking is so unlike mine?"

"And what could you have learned here?" asked Science of the experienced Soul.

"Come with me," pleaded the Soul, and a new picture was revealed.

The young Soul stood on the deck of an ocean steamer. Around her was the blackness of night, but she looked into the window of the smoking room, where men and women sat, their arms about each other, smoking, drinking, singing, and exchanging fervent kisses.

The young Soul peered into the smoke-befogged air, looked at the expressionless eyes, saw the moist lips, listened to the coarse voices of the men and the women's shrill laughter and drew back in horror. And she closed her eyes and spoke, "Is it possible that in their repulsive actions there is something to which my nature responds? Something that fascinates me against my will?"

"I ask you once more," said Science, "what could you have learned here?"

"I learned that our instincts, far more than our intellects, determine the limits of our possible evolution. All experience translates itself into emotions, thoughts, actions; from these are formed habits in the individual, instincts in the race. Not the intellectual height we reach, but the intellectual and spiritual instincts which determine our involuntary, our unconscious actions, measure the actual progress of our development."

"That is to say men are only slaves of heredity," Tradition said disdainfully.

"We should be if all experience were alike, but since each new life brings with it new experience, the instincts change."

"And whither will all this lead you?" asked Science.

"I do not know," answered the Soul.

"You have no hypothesis, no aim, no system?"

"No," said the Soul, "but I think as my nature impels me to think."

"Then after all you content yourself with phenomena, and are even satisfied with the few you have chanced to observe," said Tradition. "The immutable, the everlasting that lies behind them you do not seek."

"You are wrong," said the Soul, "I am seeking it."

And they came to a cheerful looking little cottage. Glowing sunshine rested on the house and the blossoming garden in front of it. In the shade of a luxuriant hedge stood a baby carriage and in it lay sleeping a child. The young Soul was bending over it and prayed, "O God, let me keep what I possess, husband, child and the home with all it holds for me. Only this is life, only this is happiness, truth, beauty."

"And this was the end of all your struggle, your striving after Truth?" asked Tradition.

"This the result of all my labors on your behalf?" asked Science.

"No," said the Soul, "for I soon learned that not what we possess, but what we gain through experience enriches us, that in my life my Self is the only permanent thing, my Self as it was shaped by experience and self-activity."

"You call that the only permanent thing?" asked Science, "something that has no permanency whatever, that disappears with death?"

"It may disappear as a separate entity," answered the Soul, "I cannot tell, but I feel it must survive as a part of the World-Soul, which is the one enduring record of the experiences of the universe."

"You mean God," said Tradition.

"You mean Energy," said Science.

"Call it God, or Energy; call it World-Soul or World-Consciousness, as you please," said the Soul.

"You are chasing after shadows," said Science, "and will have empty hands to show for your labor."

"I hold fast what appears to me to be truth," said the Soul.

"So you have gone back to the appearance of truth which you cast aside as a child," said Tradition.

"I," spoke Fancy, "led her back in a circle."

"And where do you finally stand?" asked Tradition.

"Yes, what is your ultimate conclusion?" asked Science.

"I have no ultimate conclusion to offer," said the Soul, "but if you would know where I stand to-day, follow me." And they went on.

And again there lay before them the ocean. From high cliffs overhanging the water they saw the sun sink toward the horizon steeping the world in light and color. The sky gloried in a thousand tints, the ocean was a mass of liquid gold.

They watched the seagull's tranquil flight through the light-laden air. They heard the thud and swish of the waves on the pebbly beach beneath them and felt the light breeze that stirred the plants growing in the crevices in the rocks and on the dunes behind them.

And the experienced Soul said, "You asked me where I stand and what I call my own after living and learning. All that anyone of us can really call his own and that which measures our value as human souls, is the mental and spiritual relation we as individuals have achieved toward the world in which we live.

"Always I have sought after Truth, for there was a time when I thought that if Truth, perfect, absolute Truth, could be given to mankind, human nature would suddenly be transformed and the purpose of creation be accomplished. To-day I feel that there is no absolute Truth for human minds, that no one of us can ever see anything as it really is, that we must each be satisfied with our picture, our illusion of it. This illusion of Truth is our only real possession; for this illusion we are willing to live and work, to love and hate, to sacrifice happiness and even life itself."

"In other words you have no Truth," said Tradition. "Illusion can never be Truth."

"Yet it represents in each of us, as much of Truth as each of us has been able to grasp and hold as his own," said the Soul.

"But you will doubtless admit that there must be a vast realm of Truth, which lies beyond the grasp of your intellect or has not come within the range of your experience," said Science.

"Certainly," said the Soul. "But it is not my Truth. There was a time when it seemed to me, that unless I could discover the end and purpose of existence, life itself was worth nothing to me. But I came to see that the only possible way of solving the riddle of life must be by living it, not by escaping from it, and so I consented to live, that is, to experience life, and life means action, physical, mental, spiritual."

"And what would you say is the aim of this life of activity?" asked Tradition.

"For myself," said the Soul, "I have answered the question by saying, that the end and aim of life is *more life*. More life, not in the sense of a mere multiplying of experience but more life in the sense of growth through an assimilation of experiences, each growth affording opportunity and giving power for wider and deeper experiences until we, either as individuals or as a race, have reached the limit of our possible growth.

"The rock we stand on, the plant growing beside us, the seagull flying past, all experience life, each on its own plane, each within the limitations of its kind, but each with the instinctive desire to get the fullest experience that life can offer. The rock, the plant, the animal, are not conscious of this desire to make the most of the powers they possess, and of the growth that follows—Man, however, is conscious of this divine urge and its consequences and this makes him a moral being.

"As a moral being he is aware not only of his responsibility toward himself, but he recognizes the right of every other living being to life and self-activity. All of our conceptions of right and wrong, of the justice and charity we owe our fellow beings, are based on this consciousness; from it springs the love that cements our family life and forms our friendships. The history of the moral development of mankind is the history of the development of this consciousness and sense of responsibility.

"It is the instinctive craving for more life, more abundant life, that establishes a kinship between ourselves and all that exists in nature, over and above the physical kinship that Science has taught us to know. Art instinctively recognizes this kinship and interprets nature through human experience, and, so, while Sci-

ence furnishes us an intellectual link with nature, art provides an emotional bond."

"Do you think that your philosophy would satisfy the human soul's longing for happiness, for contentment?" asked Tradition.

"I do not know," said the Soul, "but I think it might. Happiness is a relative term. Happiness must lie in the field of activity, physical, mental, or spiritual, and always comes with a conscious use of one or more of these powers. As physical health, in the individual as well as in the race,—within the limitations of heredity—indicates a proper use of physical energy, so spiritual health, that is balance of mind and contentment, are proof of a proper use of mental and spiritual energy."

"And what of death?" asked Tradition. "Will the human soul ever find complete contentment without the assurance of immortality?"

"Death is change," said the Soul, "and as such a part of life. Never shall I cease to be a part of the forces that come into being, and that die, to be born anew. I was I. I have lived, and consciously became a part of the great living whole. For me the watchword of life is MORE LIFE."

EMMA RENDTORFF.

Leland Stanford University, Cal.

A BOOK A WEEK

Mary Badollet Powell Memorial

HOW THE COMMUNITY CHURCH CAME TO LEEVILLE

An Informal Review of: "New Churches for Old."
By John Haynes Holmes. New York: Dodd,
Mead and Company.

Characters: William Ross, a prosperous farmer. John Andrews, postmaster and storekeeper.

Scene: The sitting room of Ross' house in the village of Leeville.

Time: A winter evening.

Ross: Well, John, I'm going to tell you straight out, I don't think there's any use. The Knights of Pythias want the building, they have the money to pay for fixing it up—there's been no repairing for twelve or fifteen years, you know. There's nobody cares about it as a church nowadays. Let the Knights have it, and they'll run shows and dances there and liven things up; that's what people want, John. If they wanted a church, why didn't they come around and help along when the old pastor was here; they broke his heart staying away.

Andrews: They did that, indeed.

Ross: And he was an awful good man. There wasn't a better preacher in the state when he was in his prime. But gee whiz, that was nearly forty years ago. Times have changed. People don't care about good preaching any more. They want the movies. Ain't that the truth?

Andrews: Yes, some of them do. But I want the church, Will, and—

Ross: So do I, but can't you see that of the three hundred people in this town, we're only a hopeless minority. You and I and our immediate families won't be able to keep up a church, John.

Andrews: 'Course, not. We've got to get others interested.

Ross: Yes, and that's a heart-breaking job. I know, because I've tried it. Now look here; I'll tell you something. When I used to go up on the hill and open up the church on Sunday mornings, I'd stand in the door and I'd watch to see who would come up the road. First, usually, came the old minister, slower every Sunday, more feeble; you know how he failed. Then I'd see you and Edith, and Abbie joining you at our gate. And I'd say to myself, "They're the old reliables." And I'd wait to see what others would appear. Sometimes it would be Frank Lacey and his wife, or Fred Mason and Nellie, or Emma Johnson or somebody else; about half a dozen in all. Why, I remember I nearly dropped in my tracks one Sunday when I saw old Leth Morgan coming up; he'd not been to church since he first could vote, and I guess you've heard him tell about voting for U. S. Grant, haven't you? Well, he came only the one time. When I gave him a special invitation he said he only came out of curiosity. And you know he wasn't the only one I 'specially invited. I talked to them all more or less. I told them how the old pastor was getting along and how he'd appreciate it if they came to hear him occasionally. But they didn't care, John, they simply didn't care. That's the sad part. They weren't interested in the minister even as a neighbor. Why, you remember how many were over to the graveyard the day we laid him away; just eleven, John. Now wasn't that a shame, I ask you? And him serving this town like he did all those years, christening, marrying, burying, comforting. Well, I don't mind saying to you now, John, that my faith in the most of this community turned to ashes in my bosom that day. So, so far as I can see, there's nothing to do but let the Knights have the church and be done with it.

Andrews: Then, you wouldn't be willing to make a new start, would you, Will? I don't mean all alone, of course; but say I could get a few others, perhaps some of the young married folks, to help along, and a new minister, a young man with modern ideas and training for just such a job as this would be—awakening the people to a new interest in the church, stirring things up a bit—well, you see what I mean; making a new beginning, instead of quitting.

Ross: I'm surprised that you've got the courage to suggest it. After what you've seen with your own eyes. Why, it would be hopeless—

Andrews: But it works out all right in other towns. The people here are just like other folks, Will; we're no better than most and no worse. We make mistakes, we give up too quick, and everything like that; but I'm not so pessimistic about things. I see a lot to be thankful for.

Ross: Why, sure; so do I. I see that there's a lot of good in people. But that's just it. How are you going to get the good out of them? I mean how

are you going to get it to function? Now, they've found out that they don't like going to church, and they won't go. They want to be amused, they want to go out in their automobiles on Sundays; they don't want to sit in church and listen to something they don't believe in any more. Why, it would be downright cruel to bring a new minister here and turn him loose among the good people of this town. They'd let him starve; that's what they'd do.

Andrews: But there are ministers who are willing to take a chance, Will. And they don't preach what people don't believe. They haven't any use for that old theological stuff that sickened folks a generation ago and frightened them into fits in Cotton Mather's time. They preach Jesus, not Luther or Calvin. They preach reward instead of eternal punishment; they encourage people to do the right thing because it is right and brings its own reward, not because they will be roasted in a red-hot cook stove if they don't. You said times have changed, and you're right. But what you don't realize, perhaps, is that the church and all religious training and teaching are changing, too. They have to change, that's all. That's the point about the failure here. The church in this town never altered in eighty years, and that's why it's dead! It didn't keep up with the people. They moved, everything moved, except the church; the church stayed still—and failed.

Ross: Well, I'll grant that. I won't argue about it at all. What I insist on, however, is this: that the people here don't want a church of any kind.

Andrews: We don't know about that. We've not asked them if they want a new kind of church. We can't tell. Maybe they do. We ought to give them a chance anyway, don't you think?

Ross: Well, John; I can see you've got something up your sleeve. So go ahead. Tell me what it is. What are you going to suggest?

Andrews: All right, I'll tell you. It's this: you remember that time I went down to New York a while back? Well, I got there on a Saturday and on Sunday I'd nothing to do. So I said to the clerk at the hotel where I was staying, "I'd like to hear one of these big New York preachers. Where's there a church?" "What kind of a church?" says he. "Any kind," says I, "what I want to hear is good preaching. I don't care what about." "Well, right over in the next street is a church, that is: it's a church that has services in a theatre," he says. "Pretty good preacher. One of our best." "Does he get crowds big enough to fill a theatre?" I asked. "Standing room only," he says, with a smile; and he wrote the name of the theatre on a card and gave it to me. Well, I went 'round there and sure enough there was a sign outside, "Community Church"; and I didn't know what kind of church that was any more than Adam, but I went in. And say: it was simply wonderful. You never saw such a crowd of people in your life in a church, Will; there was more than a thousand. And there was fine music and everything, just like in a real church, only this was a theatre, you see, as I told you, with gold paint on the walls and oil paintings. And the reason is that this preacher gets such big crowds that no ordinary sized church is big enough to hold them. Well, the preaching began. A big, tall preacher he was, clean-shaven face, no whiskers, and long arms and real, honest hands that looked like they knew how to work. And what a voice! Why, it sounded like a big organ booming along, and you could catch every word, just as plain. You should have been there. It's worth the trip just to hear him. His subject was: "Can the Church Survive?" And he said plainly that it couldn't 'less it changed, unless, he said, it got back to the people and got the people back to it. And he told why it had failed, and there were a lot of reasons, but the most important as I remember it was that the church had got stuck in a rut and the people had gone ahead of it and forgotten about it because, you see, it was so weak and old and miserable and no-account it couldn't even pull itself out of the rut. What is the thing that succeeds nowadays, he asked. Why, of course, the thing that people are enthusiastic about, the thing everybody does together because it is good fun and pleasure to do it. The old fellows had driven beauty from the church, along with other things, and there was nothing for people to be enthusiastic about anymore, nothing that brought people together joyfully, in the old churches. Then he asked what things people were 'specially enthusiastic about, and answered that labor was one thing—that is: people getting what they labor for and not merely a part of it, so that some few had too much and a great many had too little. Another thing was political freedom—people getting good government instead of the kind they get now. And education—children getting the training that will help them to make good in the world instead of training that was arranged for several hundred years ago and never changed since except for the worse. Every community, he said, had these problems to deal with; social problems, ethical problems, problems of human conduct. And the place where they ought to meet and counsel together was the church. That was what the church and the people are and ought to be interested in—human life and its development. So that was why it was called a "community" church and was bigger than any single sect could be, embracing everybody and everybody's problems and everybody's happiness. Happiness is important, he said, because when people are really happy they will be good and do the right thing; people doing wrong are never really happy—everybody knows that. Of course, I can't remember all he said; but it was wonderful, I can tell you. Why, when I came away I wanted to sing right out in the street, I felt so lifted up, you see, so inspired by that man's words. I thought right away of you, and I said to myself that you'd understand all about it, because you had always been so interested in everything the people were interested in, politics, and all that, as well as the old church here. But when I came back home, I was doubtful that if I tried to speak out too soon I'd make a mess of it, and you'd turn down the whole thing. So I've been having a little correspondence with this minister, and he's sent me a copy of his new book; and I've got it here and want you to read it. "New Churches for Old" is the name, and it just expresses the whole idea, as it seems to me, for that's what we want—new churches instead of old ones, live churches instead of dead. The first part of the book reviews the causes of the failure of the old church, and tells how the present conditions arose, how religion and life are apart, how denominationalism keeps people apart and the opposite of denominationalism, that is: democracy, will bring them together. That's what the community church is, then, democracy in religion, or, perhaps it would be better

to say, religion democratized. And that's what we need—not the old idea that every man and every woman ought to take care to save his or her own soul at any cost regardless of everybody else, but the new idea that everybody's soul is worth saving and that everybody ought to work and think and pray together. You see under the old way of doing a man didn't need to be interested in the church, because the church told him all that was necessary was personal salvation; the new church says what is necessary is social salvation—that's the difference between them. The old religion was selfish; the new religion is unselfish—there's the whole thing in a word.

Ross: I understand all that, but what I want to hear now is not the theory of what this man writes, but how he's going to work it out.

Andrews: You'll get that by reading the book; that's what the book is mostly about. He simply states the facts and shows what conditions are, and then he goes on to show what can be done in the way of improving matters and building up these community churches for the conservation of the spiritual instinct of the people. Of course, everybody that's interested at all wants to know how to do the work, wants to see a blue print of it. Study the situation, make certain you know what is wrong, then call together the people and explain the idea, show them what the general plan is, how it is working out successfully in other towns, show them how enthusiastic people that know about the idea are—why, that's the way to begin, that's the way for us to begin. And, say, Will, you'll not tell me you won't try, especially after you've read the book.

Ross: Oh, I'm willing to try, John; that's not the point. Why, it grieves me something awful to think about things as they are in this section, how everybody seems to care about nothing but the almighty dollar and—

Andrews: We ain't any worse than others, though; we've got the same problems as other folks in other places. That's why the same thing will help us that is helping them. Do you know, Will, what it all makes me think of? I'll tell you. It makes me think of how Jesus went among the poor with His doctrine. He was an awful plain man, just like ourselves. He saw that a man can't live for himself alone and how people have got to work out their problems and have their pleasures, too, together. Why, do you know what this idea of the community church means? It means a spiritual rebirth, Will, and that is just what the world needs. Without something like that there will always be war and trouble, injustice and pain everywhere. People helping each other to do the right thing—that's what this means; people helping each other to build a new heaven in a new earth.

Ross: Well, John, you've certainly given me a lot to think about. I knew you were up to something, but I couldn't make out what. You've been walking 'round with your eyes shining like stars ever since you made that trip to New York; everybody noticed it—but nobody understood. There must be something of merit about the idea, because it's changed you so much; why it's years since I remember you being so eager about anything. And the fever's catching too; I can feel it getting me. Give me that book, and I'll sit up and read it after the folks have gone to bed. If I feel the same way tomorrow as I do now, why, we'll have a community church right here in this town. And it'll be a success, too; because we'll work our fingers to the bone to make it that.

Andrews: I knew you'd understand, Will! I says to myself the very first day, that same Sunday, why, says I, Ross is the man who'll see what all this means, he's the man to put it over at home.

Ross: All right; anyway we'll see what we'll see. You've got me so excited I'll never rest 'til I've done something.

Andrews: What'll we do first, then?

Ross: Why, we'll tell the women folks, we'll get them all stirred up, and they'll see it through even if we fall by the wayside. Good-night, John; you've done a good piece of work. God bless you, man.

Andrews: God bless us all, Will; we need it, I'm sure. Curtain.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

TO THE MEADOWLARK.

I will sing as you sing—O Meadowlark!
Over and over and over again,
Never wearying of its endless repetition,
One triumphant, joyous note!

I will sing as you sing—
Unmindful of myself and seeking no reward;
With or without an audience;
Out of my complete surrender to life's beauty
Giving what voice I can to that which has mastered me!

I will not observe what others require,
Nor make my thought and feeling trim with theirs.
My song shall not bow down to any idol,
Nor acknowledge other gods.

I am as divinely enamored of the beauty of life
As are you, O Meadowlark!
I will not stop for argument or explanation nor pretend to the last word.
It is enough for me that after years of slumbering
Something of eternity wakens within.

It is not of myself I sing—
To pucker my soul into pose artistic;
To clown a part or to play the priest;
Or by my taper's light to exhibit the sun.

I will sing as you sing—
From sheer glorying in life!
If the cup can hold not another drop
Who is to prevent its running over?

Let no one imagine that to explain life, scientifically or otherwise,
Would necessarily add anything to its beauty.
Our inability to transcend the bounds of the unknown
Makes the joy of living all the more satisfying.
The mind at its utmost intellectual stretch is so much less
Than a single instant of love!

I am content to let life unfold its meanings from within.
Only will I not leave the slightest passing intimation unnoted
While I go clamoring for more.
Why should I drain the future of its charm
By demanding now the fulness of eternity?

I will sing as you sing—
How little and plain and commonplace we both are!
How willing to choose the nearest clod or bush for our throne of thrones!
We make no pretence to any sort of greatness—
Only that we have feeling for nothing but beauty!

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

CORRESPONDENCE

Prohibition and Bishop Lawrence

My dear Mr. Holmes:

Your editorial regarding prohibition in which you speak of Bishop Lawrence as if he were not in favor of it, seems to have reference to his address of Diocesan Convention of May 3. Possibly you have been mislead by incorrect newspaper reports. I, therefore, take pleasure in forwarding this inclosed extract, in which you will no doubt be interested.

In the interest of fair play, I am

Very truly yours,

GEO. R. HAZARD.

"EXTRACT FROM BISHOP LAWRENCE'S ADDRESS TO THE DIOCESAN CONVENTION OF MASSACHUSETTS, MAY 3, 1922

"An imperfect and misleading report of the following was sent out by the press outside of Boston, and may have been read by you: hence this is sent for your information.

"The Associated Press has expressed its regret for its mistake, and done all that it can to follow the report by a corrected statement. A correction, however, rarely catches up with the original report. Hence this original extract is mailed you.

"Ever since the Prohibition Constitutional Amendment was passed, its enforcement has been accompanied by a bitterness of discussion and in some localities a reaction which augurs unhappiness and dissension in our social and national life. One cannot wonder at this. Hundreds of thousands of working men who found solace and comradeship after the day's work in what they felt to be their innocent glass of beer had it snatched from them, and thousands on thousands of reputable citizens found their personal liberties and domestic habits broken in upon.

"Were it not that there is so much at stake in happiness and national welfare, I should not add a word to the discussion. Have we not, however, reached a stage when we may consider the subject with less feeling or passion?

"In the first place is it not time that we recognize the right of any citizen who did not and does not believe in Constitutional Prohibition to say so, and in public if he wants to? Surely it is competent for any citizen to speak, work and do everything consistent with the law to have a law amended or rescinded. Prohibition of drink does not involve the prohibition of the liberty of expressing one's opinion. The public expression of such opinion may be thought by some to be a waste of good voice material or a loss of time, but one of the corner stones of American liberty is the right to talk, provided it is not such seditious talk as to lead to seditious action.

"Jealousy for the practical integrity of the Constitution was what led many citizens to oppose this amendment. The fact is, however, that the Constitutional Amendment stands: and it has been carred through by the same constitutional steps as preserve our liberties. Every loyal citizen is bound to stand by it: and, in my judgment, every loyal citizen is bound to support such State and National laws as will insure its enforcement.

"Beyond this plain duty as citizens, what reasons have we to be confident that this great experiment will succeed, and that the whole of the American people will in time agree that the prohibition of intoxicating drink is, with all its limitations of personal liberty, worth while?

"First, and most obviously, the competition in industry and of industrial nations with other industrial nations is going to be very keen, and the peoples which waste most in brains, physical strength and character, will go to the wall first. Every employer of labor knows that the men who drink are in the long run less efficient than those who do not drink. Experience in the Army and Navy proves it in endurance and fighting tests. The directors of railroads, mines and factories, the officers of banks and business enterprises know this. How then are those directors and officers who drink cocktails or whiskey and White Rock going to answer the question of the men in their employ, 'Why is not that which is bad for our efficiency just as bad for your efficiency?' 'Are your brains made of different stuff from ours?' 'Have not we who work for the corporation for which you work as much right to expect of you clear heads, alertness and the capacity to meet the strain of responsibility as you have of us?' The plain people who have invested their earnings in the corporation are also asking these questions and they have got to be answered.

"This principle of industrial efficiency is of course based upon laws or habits of nations revealed to us in the last fifty years by science. Men who drank two generations ago felt stimulated, and although they had their reactions and headaches, they assumed that they were better workers and fighters. They did not know. Every intelligent man today knows, or may know that for even moderate drinkers the long curve, be it ever so slight, is never upwards, always downwards. And further, the reactions affect the judgment, the intellectual perspective and the power to discriminate between right and wrong, the very foundation of character.

"We in these days believe in the inerrancy of facts which science when it has tested them out, brings us; and we know that these facts bring results as sure as fate. The nation which completely stops drinking intoxicating liquors has thrown off one of the heaviest weights in the race of industrial leadership. The statesmen of England are watching our experiment with keen interest; for if the experiment of prohibition fails, they will breathe more easily. England with her awful drink wastage may have a chance to lead; but if we stop drinking, England has got to reform or something will happen.

"While this or that group of citizens may feel that they could have handled the matter better, with local option, State prohibition, outlawing the saloon, light wines and beer, these citizens did not have the conviction or enthusiasm to put up a fight for them. They had their chance in license days, but did not take it; and the awful waste of life and money, with the political demoralization continued.

"Then millions of people over the country determined that the wastage must be stopped. They tackled the subject with deep conviction, and created a public sentiment which resulted in the Constitutional Amendment. And whether you or I or any other citizen likes it or not, it is the plain duty of every citizen of this country to respect and obey the law.

"He who is an anarchist opens the door to anarchy at any and every point: and men and women who own property have more to fear from lawlessness than those who do not. Citizens who are law-abiding and public spirited in every way except this will do well to consider what their example in law-breaking has upon their sons and the younger generation. I cannot forbear quoting the warning of the judicial section of the American Bar Association, speaking for all the judges to the American people:

" 'Reverence for law and enforcement of law depend mainly upon the ideals and customs of those who occupy the vantage ground of life in business and society. The people of the United States, by solemn constitutional and statutory enactment, have undertaken to suppress the age-long evil of the liquor traffic. When, for the gratification of their appetites, or the promotion of their interests, lawyers, bankers, great merchants and manufacturers, and social leaders, both men and women, disobey and scoff at this law, or any other law, they are aiding the cause of anarchy and promoting mob violence, robbery and homicide; they are sowing dragon's teeth, and they need not be surprised when they find that no judicial or police authority can save our country or humanity from reaping the harvest.'

"Speaking wholly apart from the legal or patriotic point of view, the most disappointing feature to me in this matter is the apparent want of Christian consideration shown by men and women who have in other respects Christian standards, or are also members of the Church. The practical universal testimony of the men and women who touch most closely thousands on thousands of people whose conditions tempt them to the abuse of intoxicating drinks is that there is an immense improvement all along the line. Here and there there may be a local or temporary reaction; but the multitude of wives and husbands, too, and children that are the happier and healthier for prohibition, the decrease of numbers of arrests for drunkenness, of inmates of jails and poorhouses, the gratitude that goes up from thousands of homes of the people of moderate means and the well-to-do that one or another member of the family has stopped drinking and gone to work, is enough, one would think, to touch the heart of anyone. I need not speak of the relief from taxation in the support of public institutions—a taxation which will steadily decrease, for with the enforcement of prohibition, there will be fewer feeble minded, fewer insane, fewer cripples, fewer congenitally diseased, fewer with abnormal habits, fewer with criminal tendencies; and this taxation, like all taxes, falls in the end not upon the well-to-do, but upon the whole people, especially the wage earners.

"How can any Christian man or woman, anyone with con-

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A LETTER TO GANDHI.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

[On February 15, 1922, Mahatma Gandhi had addressed a letter to Sir Daniel Hamilton from Bardoli on the Spinning Wheel. We reproduce below Sir Daniel's reply.]

Warren Hill,
Loughton, Essex,
March 8th, 1922.

Dear Mr. Gandhi:

I am indebted to our mutual friend, Mr. Hodge, for your letter of 15th February, which has just reached me, and which I am very glad to receive. As, however, I am just recovering from a serious operation, and am still confined to my room, I hope you will be good enough to excuse me, if I do not reply at any length to your letter by today's mail. I shall hope to do so later.

Meantime, with reference to your remarks regarding the *charkha,* I may say from my own personal knowledge of Indian rural life, that given a fair chance, with the help of modern finance, not only the spinning wheel but the handloom can compete successfully with steam power, the reason being that the four months' labor which is now largely wasted in the agricultural off-season costs nothing. No yarn or cloth can be cheaper than that which costs only the price of the raw material.

I quite agree with your opinion regarding the evils of the huge factory system. The value of an industry should be gauged less by the dividends it pays to sleeping shareholders than by its effect on the bodies, souls and spirits of the people employed in it. Cloth is dear which saves a few annas to the buyer, while it cheapens the lives of the men, women and children who live in the Bombay *chawls.*

What I want to see grow up in India, and I think it is what you want also, is a Swaraj whose power will be measured in terms of healthy life rather than in terms of unhealthy money. Three hundred and twenty millions of people who were masters of the money power, instead of its servants, would be the greatest nation on earth. This Swaraj can be reached in a few years and the way to it lies through expanding fields of rice and wheat, not through the Sahara of revolution. But finance is a big subject which I cannot tackle to-day, though I may do so shortly.

Meantime, I hope you will not be too hard on the Government. I myself have criticized Government about as severely as anyone, and I hope to do so again, for I strongly disapprove of this doubling of the salt sax, and increased postage; but after all is said and done, it is the Government which has welded India into one, and made it possible to be one nation. I should like to think of you not as the destroying angel of the old regime, but as the Master Builder of the new. I have no axe to grind, and if I can help in any way to build the New India, it will be my delight to do so.

With kindest regards, I am,
Yours sincerely,
D. M. HAMILTON.

Young India.

PREFERENCE

I love melodious laughter
And the lilt of merry song;
But I'd rather be a pessimist
And grumble all day long,
Than a lazy, placid optimist,
Who lauds the thing that's wrong!

DOMBEY SHEPHERD.

"The responsibility is entirely upon the professing Christians of the United States. If another war like the last should come, they will be responsible for every drop of blood that will be shed."
—Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, former Chief of Staff, U. S. A.

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sideration for others, continue an indulgence which he may even think harmless, when by his abstention he may help others? And even if he thinks it makes no difference, how can he be happy in taking that chance? Is his pleasure or even his sense of liberty worth the risk?

"However, with the fact settled that Constitutional prohibition is here, all loyal citizens will give it support. And if we do our part, we may be confident that education in health and efficiency, of economics and industrial leadership will in time bring universal acquiescence.

"A resolution supporting these words was passed unanimously by the Convention of the Diocese of Massachusetts."

June 7th, 1922.

Dear Dr. Hazard:

I am very grateful to you for your kind letter of the third enclosing a printed extract from Bishop Lawrence's address to the Diocesan Convention of Massachusetts, May 3rd, 1922, to the end of correcting the misleading newspaper report upon which UNITY's editorial reference to which you refer was based.

I have read this extract from the Bishop's address and am greatly pleased and relieved to discover that Bishop Lawrence spoke in hearty support of prohibition. The newspaper report which I saw gave no intimation of this fact; on the contrary, it indicated definitely that his only utterance on the subject was in support of those citizens who desire to change or break down the amendment of the enforcement laws.

You have once again taught me that it is never safe to base a public utterance on any statement in an American newspaper. How to write timely editorials with no other source of information promptly at hand excepting our newspapers, presents itself as one of the most difficult problems of the hour. How are we going to solve it?

May I say that I am printing your letter and the extract from Bishop Lawrence's address which you enclose, and also this reply, in the correspondence column of UNITY.

With cordial greetings and high regard, I remain
Very sincerely yours,
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Dr. George H. Hazard,
Grace Rectory,
Manchester, N. H.

OUR FIRST DUTY.

In a world so full of beauty,
Oh, believe me our first duty
Is to love it.
Heart to love it; eyes to see,
And, dear God! the will to be
Worthy of it.

—*Victor E. Southworth.*
The Nautilus.

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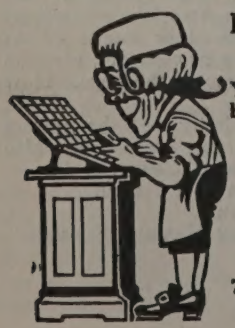

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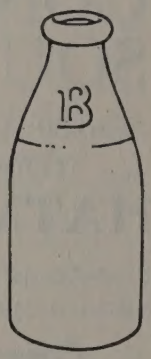

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